



Geronimo Stilton

GERONIMO STILTON, SECRET AGENT



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Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF



**Geronimo Stilton**

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

**Thea Stilton**

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*

**Trap Stilton**

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

**Benjamin Stilton**

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew

Geronimo Stilton

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www.geronimostilton.com

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A SUSPICIOUS- LOOKING RODENT . . .

That morning was just like any other **morning**. I woke up and smelled the cheese — **hot cheddar**, that is. I like to make a whole pot every day.

Then I stuffed my paws into my comfy **CAT-FUR SLIPPERS**. I shuffled to the window to check the weather. The forecast was for rain. But when I looked outside, I just saw lots of





LOUDS. Clouds, and **A VERY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING RODENT WITH DARK SUNGLASSES ACROSS THE STREET. How odd.**

I took a shower and gobbled down my breakfast — melted cheddar toast. Yum! Then I headed for the subway. I was humming one of my favorite love songs, “Beady-eyed Beauty,” when I saw him again. **THAT SAME SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING RODENT WITH THE**





**SUNGLASSES WAS WALKING RIGHT BEHIND
ME. *How strange.***

A few minutes later, I arrived at my stop. I scampered out the door. **GUESS WHO WAS
RIGHT ON MY TAIL? YOU GOT IT. MR. DARK
SUNGLASSES. *How very odd!***





At last, I reached my office at 17 Swiss Cheese Place. I couldn't believe it. **MR. SUNGLASSES HAD BEATEN ME THERE. I WAS STARTING TO GET A LITTLE CREEPED OUT. A CHILL RAN DOWN MY FUR. WHAT DID HE WANT FROM ME? Why was he following me?**





Part of me was afraid to find out. What if he mistook me for an escaped con rat? What if I reminded him of someone he didn't like? What if he hated my tie? I decided there was only one thing left to do. I raced up the stairs to my office and **slammed** the door. Then I buried my snout in work.





But when I looked out the window at lunchtime, guess who I saw? **YEP, IT WAS THAT MOUSE AGAIN!**

He was **THERE** when I left the office. He was **THERE** when I reached my house. He was **THERE** after I ~~scarfed down~~ a super-size three-cheese pizza for dinner.



Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I just had to find out who that mouse was. With a squeak, I yanked open the door to my house. Then I stuck out my snout and yelled,





**“WHO ARE YOU
AND WHAT DO
YOU WANT
FROM ME?”**





WHO ARE YOU?



?

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?

Even though I was screaming at the top of my lungs, the rodent **barely flinched**. Instead he calmly took off his **sunglasses** and

SMILED.

Or was it a smirk?



How strange! The rodent looked so familiar. Was it the **trench coat**? Was it the paws in the pockets? Was it the perfectly *groomed* fur?



I touched a paw to my own head. Hmm . . . my fur was getting a little long. I made a mental note to make an appointment at Clip Rat's Salon and Day Spa.

I was still thinking about furcuts when the rodent suddenly **tapped** me on the forehead. He stared into my eyes.



Cheese niblets! Was he trying to hypnotize me? I **gulped**. I'd read about bad mice like this. First they put you under a spell. Then they break into your mouse hole and steal all your **MONEY**!

The rodent's beady **eyes** seemed to drill right into me. I was so **nervous** I could barely see straight. I tried practicing the deep-breathing techniques I had learned in Penny Pretzel Paws's **yoga** class. They didn't work. I guess I wasn't paying enough attention in class.

Just then, the rodent leaned in closer. I **BROKE OUT** in a cold sweat. *This is it*, I mumbled to myself. *Good-bye, Mouse World.*

But instead of hypnotizing me, the rodent **snickered**.

"Don't you **RECOGNIZE** me, Geronimo?" he said.

MY NAME IS...



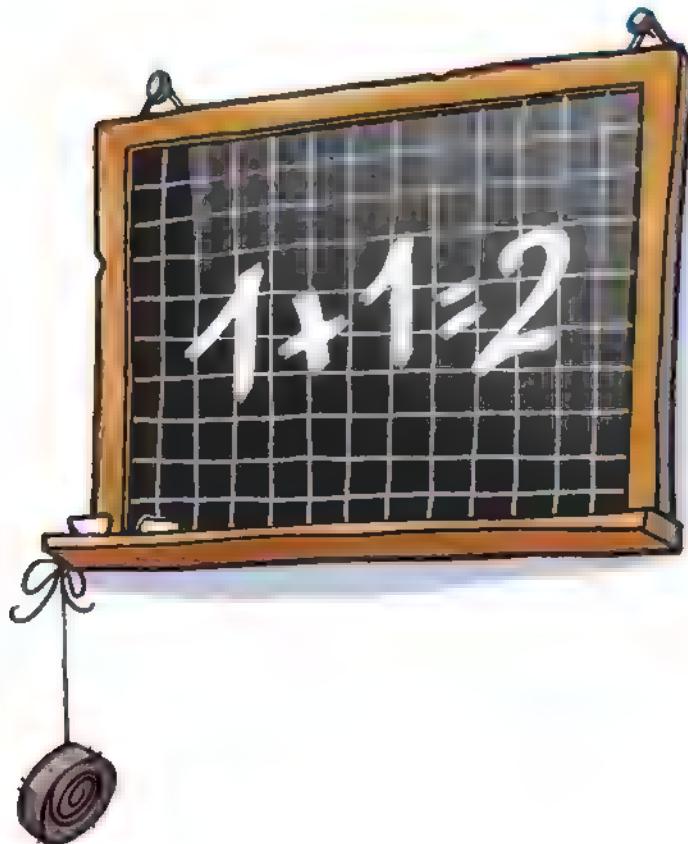
DON'T YOU



RECOGNIZE ME?

**“IT'S
KORNELIUS
VON
KICKPAW.”**

I could hardly believe my eyes. The last time I'd seen **KORNELIUS**, I was still learning how to do math and tie my shoes. We were friends in **elementary school!**





A MOUSE WEARING A TRENCH COAT

In school, **KORNELIUS** sat in the desk behind me. He **ALWAYS** wore a trench coat no matter what the weather was like. And he **ALWAYS** wore dark **SUNGLASSES** even when it wasn't sunny!

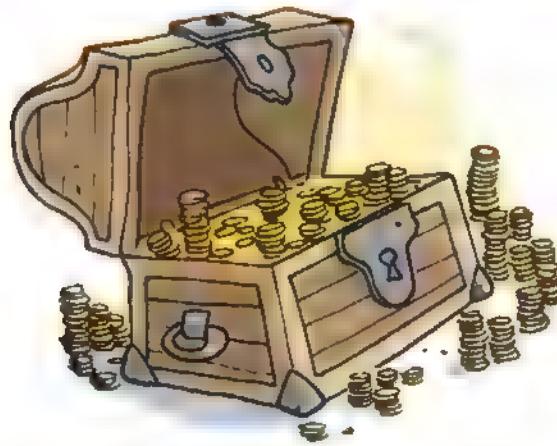
Yes, he was an **odd** sort of mouse, but we were **good friends** anyway. One time, Wendell Wild Whiskers and his gang stuffed me into a gym locker. **KORNELIUS** came to my rescue. He ripped open the locker and made Wendell apologize. After that, the bullies **NEVER** picked on me again. I always felt safe when **KORNELIUS** was around.



I *smiled* thinking about those days. Even though we hadn't squeaked in years, **KORNELIUS** would always be a great **friend**.

Do you have any friends like **KORNELIUS**? If you do, you are **very lucky**. As my dear aunt Sweetfur likes to say,

*“Whoever finds a friend...
finds a treasure!”*



I invited Kornelius into my house. Then I showed him around. It didn't take very long.

My mouse hole isn't very big. Still, I'm super proud of it. I especially love my kitchen with my megahuge fridge.

While we were in the kitchen, I whipped up some tasty grilled cheese sandwiches. **KORNELIUS** munched them down in two seconds flat! Did I mention he's a **big** mouse?

Finally, we sat down in my living room to chat. We had so much catching up to do. We squeaked about old times, old friends,

and my job at *The Rodent's Gazette*.



► “So what kind of work do you do, Kornelius?” I asked.

► My friend held up his paw.

► “It's **TOP SECRET**,” he whispered. “You have to promise you won't tell anyone.”



I gasped. Why was my friend being so mysterious? Was he a professional burglar? Was he in the witmouse-protection program?



“**I promise**,” I agreed, eyes wide.



KORNELIUS put his paw around my shoulder. Then he leaned in close and whispered.

“My code name is **OOK**. I’m a **SECRET AGENT**.”



THE VON KICKPAW ESTATE

I was convinced **KORNELIUS** was pulling my paw. I mean, I'd seen secret agents before in the movies, but not in New Mouse City.

"I'm not acting, Geronimo," my friend insisted. He **RODE** me to his mansion in the country. On the way there, Kornelius explained that he was involved with **SECRET MISSIONS** for the government of Mouse Island. I felt like I was in a dream.

At last, we reached the **MANSION**.
What a sight!

I knew my friend was rich, but this place was more spectacular than Elvis Mousely's estate! The property was surrounded by a







6

4

1

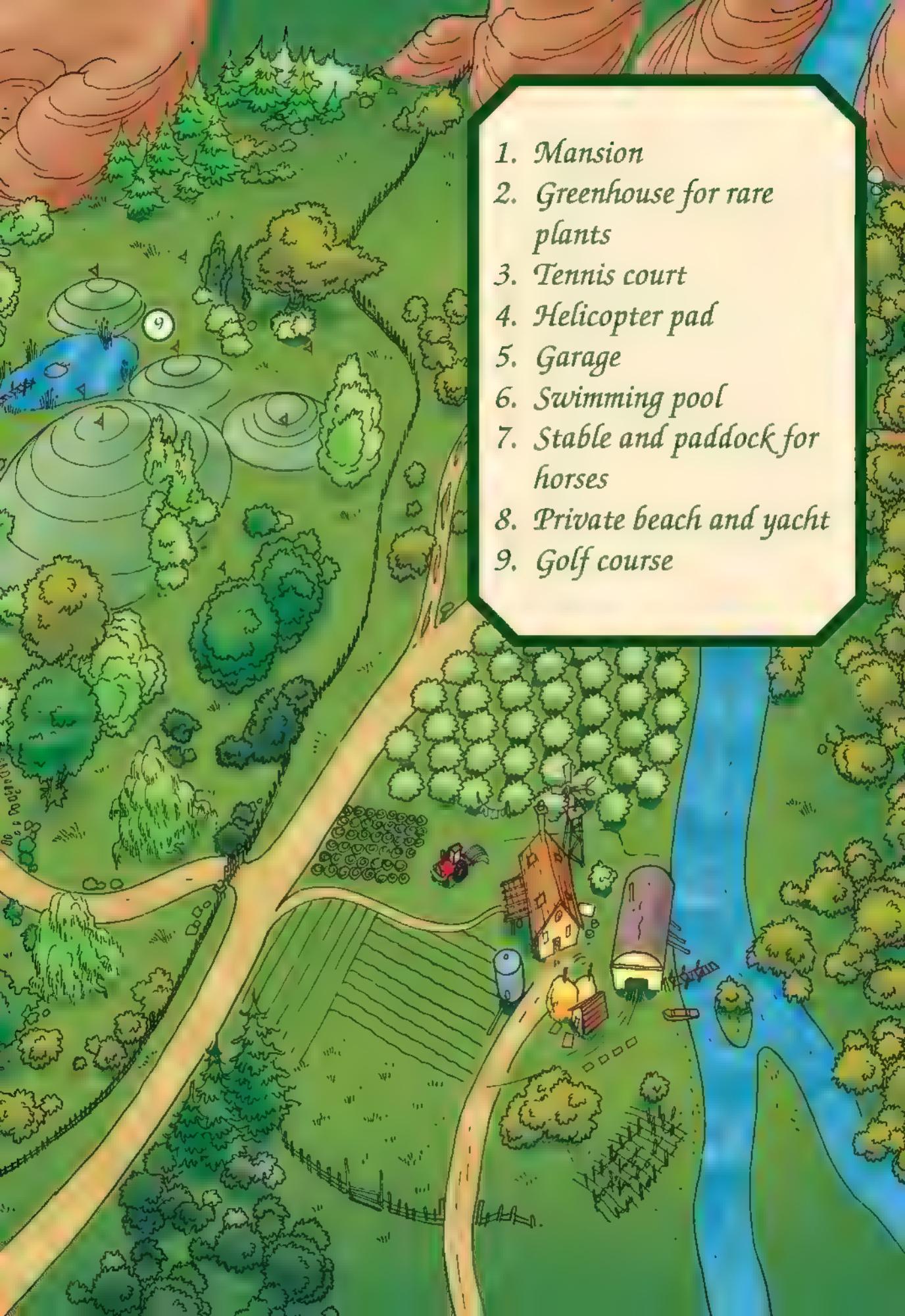
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7

9



A colorful, stylized map of a coastal area. The map features a winding road that curves along the coastline. In the upper left, there is a large, green, dome-shaped structure, possibly a greenhouse, surrounded by trees and shrubs. To the right of the road, there is a small town with a church, a windmill, and several houses. A golf course is located in the lower right, with a large green area and a road leading to it. The coastline is on the right, with a beach and a small pier. The sky is filled with colorful, swirling clouds.

1. Mansion
2. Greenhouse for rare plants
3. Tennis court
4. Helicopter pad
5. Garage
6. Swimming pool
7. Stable and paddock for horses
8. Private beach and yacht
9. Golf course

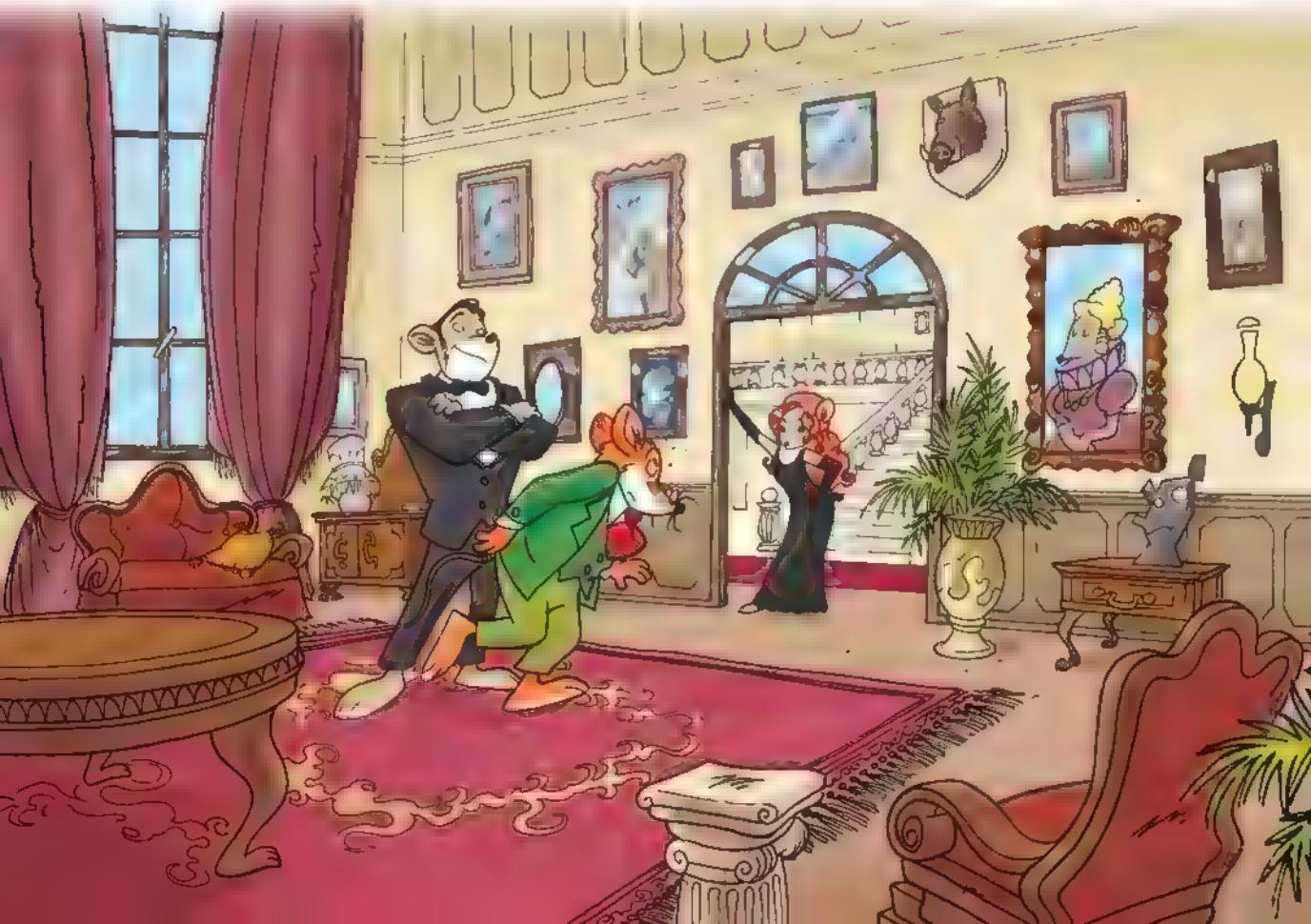
gleaming wrought-iron gate with the letters VK inscribed at the entrance. The driveway wound its way past a *perfectly manicured lawn*. I spotted a greenhouse, tennis courts, and a stable for horses.

The inside of the mansion was almost as amazing as the outside. The entryway was made of white marble. Two **MAGNIFICENT** gold and diamond-studded chandeliers **GLIMMERED** over our heads. And there was even a fountain shaped like a gigantic wedge of cheese in the hallway. Kornelius ushered me into the living room. It was filled with *priceless* antiques. Paintings by famous artists decorated the walls. I stared at a painting of a gorgeous rodent hanging above the fireplace.

Wow, what a **stunning** mouse! I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"That's my sister, *Veronica*," said Kornelius. "She's a secret agent, too. Her code name is 00V."

Just then, I sensed something behind me. When I turned around, my jaw dropped. **It was her!** It was **00V!** My heart began racing like a car at the Indy Mouse 500. Did I mention I get a little nervous around beautiful rodents?



“Is that you on the wall? Uh, er, in the frame? I mean, in the painting?” I babbled.

The rodent flashed me a tiny smile.

Or was it a smirk? Then she vanished. A *delicate* perfume lingered in the room.

Wow, what a *stunning* mouse!

I wondered if I could ask her out for a cup of hot cheddar sometime. Too bad she disappeared so quickly.

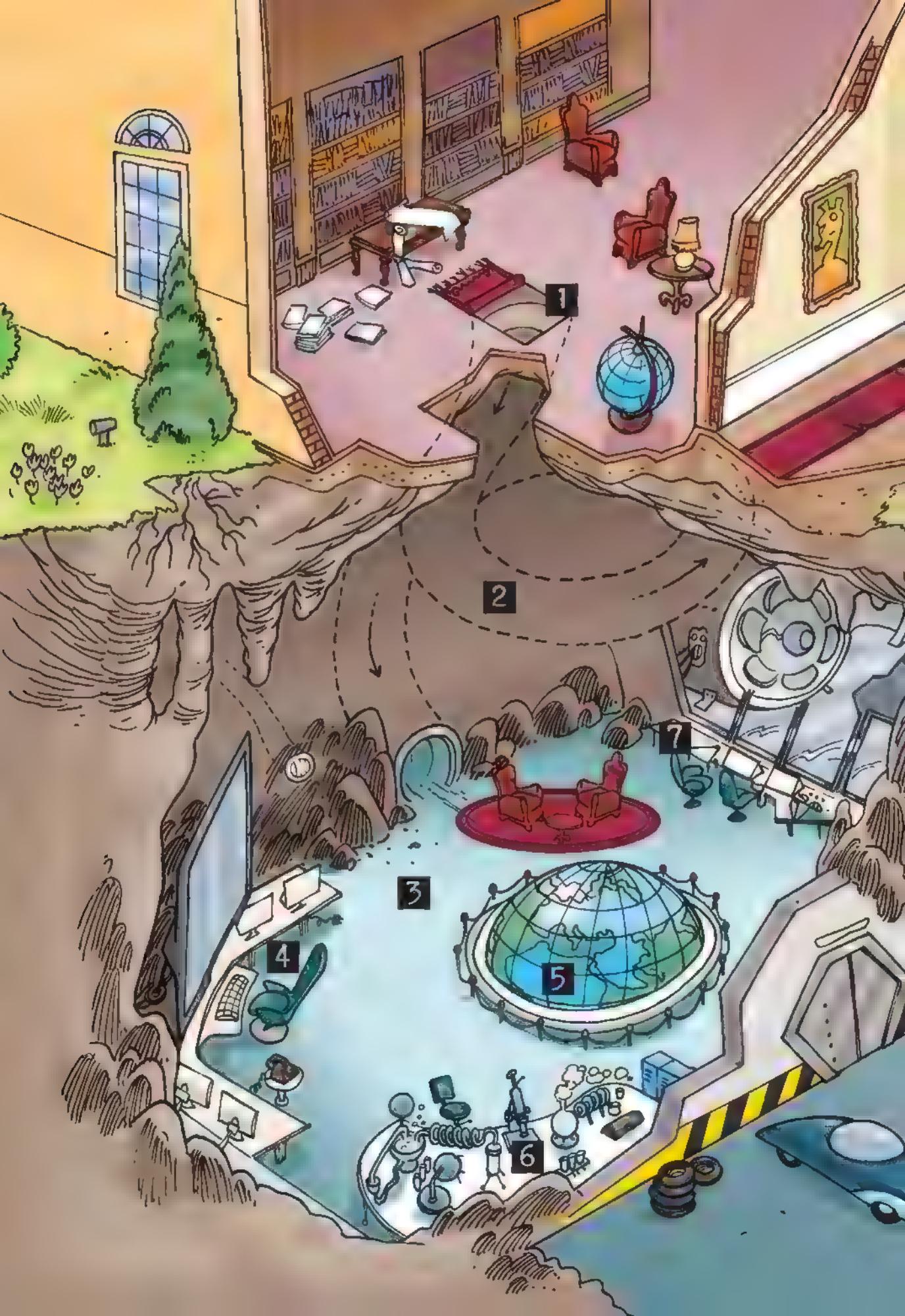
I was still **dreaming** about 00V when **KORNELIUS** led me into the library. We sat down on two **comfy** leather pawchairs.

Without a word, Cornelius patted the arm of his chair. Seconds later, the rug slid aside. We were sitting on top of a trapdoor! Before I could let out a squeak, I found myself zipping down a **Steep, Dark Tunnel**

“Tell me when it’s over!” I cried.

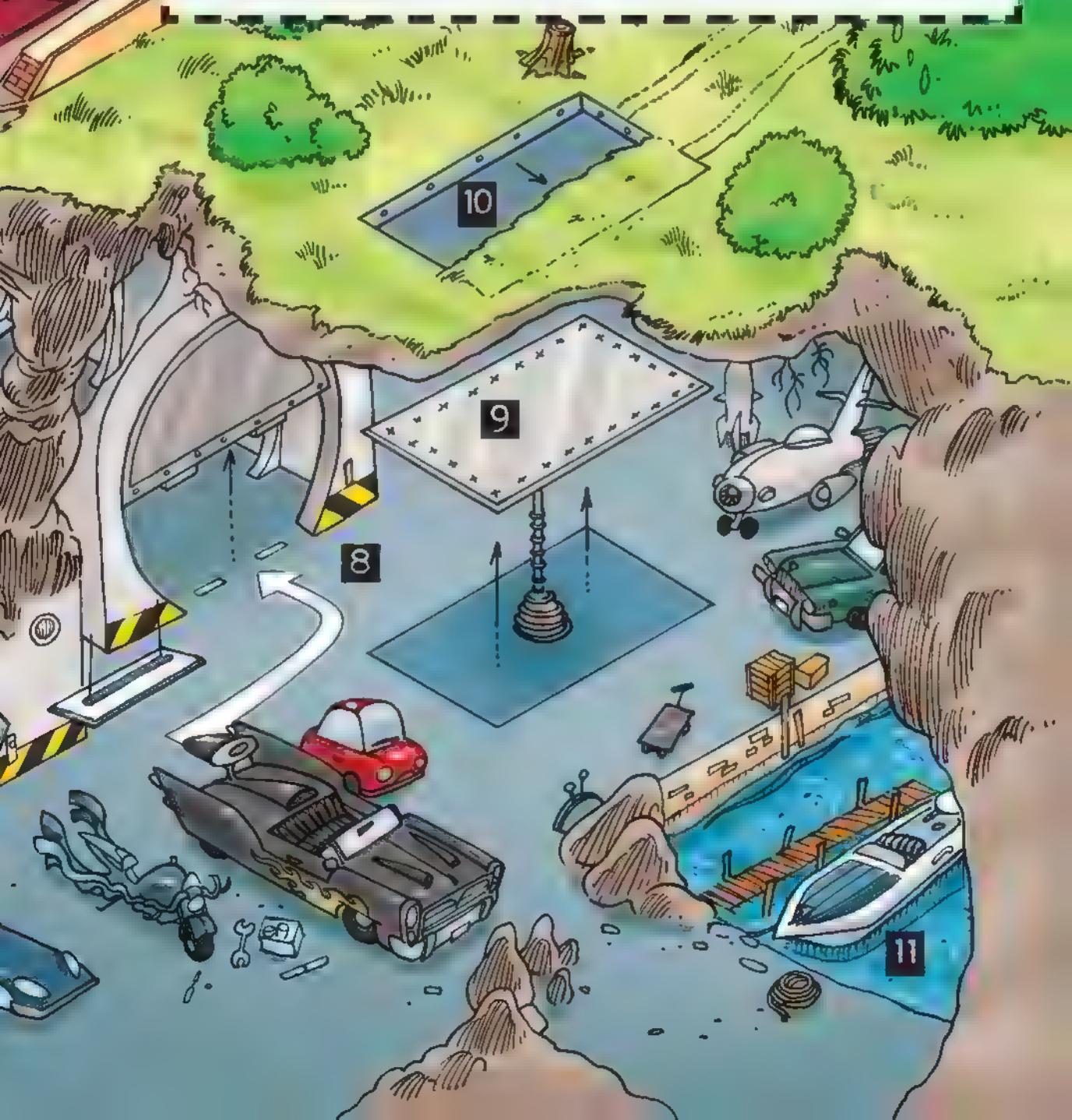






OOK's SECRET LAB

1. Trapdoor
2. Tunnel
3. Secret lab
4. Computer area
5. Mega-globe
6. Instruments for scientific analysis
7. Control stations for wind tunnels
8. Garage for 00-car, 00-motorbike, 00-plane, and other vehicles
9. Lift for the 00-vehicles
10. Secret exit for 00-vehicles
11. Secret dock for 00-boats





I'M A SECRET AGENT . . .

Minutes later, we landed in an *elegant* living room. We were still seated in our **PAWCHAIRS**, but now we were underground in a very **MYSTERIOUS** place.

I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. **Youch!** That hurt! I may not be a tough mouse, but I do have one painful pinch.

After I recovered, Kornelius, aka **OOK**, showed me all of his agent gear. This included a **bow tie** that turned into a rope, a ring filled with **sneEZing** powder, and antigravity shoes.

I was impressed and a little bit scared. Just then, Kornelius looked at me with a piercing

Bow tie, when loosened,
becomes a rope



Belt and
harness for a
quick getaway



Cell phone and a PDA
video camera



Night-vision
goggles



Wristwatch with
micro movie
projector



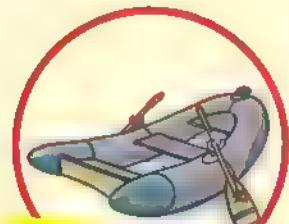
Lock-picking
tools hidden
in shoe



Antinoise and
antigravity shoes



Anticat vest



Inflatable boat

Anticat signal (can pick
up cats' whereabouts for
more than two miles)



Very pesky
microfleas.
reserve



Ring with
sneezing
powder



Sleeping
powder



Fountain
pen with
microphone
and
stinkbombs

OOK

NAME: Kornelius
von Kickpaw

CODE NAME: OOK

Secret
Agent

WHO IS HE?

Geronimo's friend
from elementary
school.

PECULIARITIES:

Always wears a
trench coat and
sunglasses, even
at night!



OOV

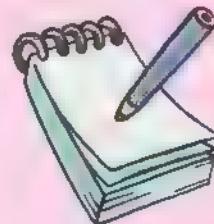
NAME: Veronica
von Kickpaw

CODE NAME: OOV

PROFESSION: Secret
Agent

WHO IS SHE:
Kornelius's sister

PECULIARITIES:
Always wears a
mysterious, delicate,
and sophisticated
perfume that makes
her immediately identifiable and . . .
fascinating!





stare. I gulped. Had I done something wrong already?

“Let me tell you why you’re here,” Kornelius began. He opened a little **black** case and took out a stack of newspapers.

To my surprise, the articles were all about me. There was even a **color** photo of me in front of *The Rodent’s Gazette*. I have to admit it wasn’t a very good one. **“Are my ears really that big?”** I muttered.

KORNELIUS shook his head. “Forget about your ears, Geronimo; you have more important things to worry about,” he advised. “By reading the paper, anybody can figure out where you live, where you work, where you go on vacation, who your friends are. Your life’s one open book!”

“This is **dangerous**, Geronimo,” he continued. “If an **EVIL** rodent wanted to



hurt you or play a mean trick on you, they would have no problem. It would be like **taking cheese** from a young mouselet. You need someone to protect you. And I'm here to say, **I'M YOUR MOUSE.**"

I felt flattered. I mean, it's not often that you have a **SECRET AGENT** friend who wants to be your own furry **BODYGUARD**. Still, I politely declined.

Kornelius tried to make a list of all the things that could get me in trouble, and when it was time to leave, Kornelius made me **PROMISE** I would call him if I ever got into any trouble.

I grinned.

Aunt Sweetfur sure was right. A friend is a true treasure.



A flowerpot could fall on your head ...



Or you could get lost in a bad section of the city at night ...



Or you could be attacked by a hungry cat ...



Or you could get run over by a motorcycle ...



Or you could be threatened by a rival publisher ...



Or you could get run over by a car...



Or you could get kidnapped by a really evil rodent...



Or you could fall into a manhole...



Or you could be harassed by an annoying author...



Or you could be chased by a crowd of admirers...





WHAT A GREAT DAY!

The next morning, I woke up feeling *extra happy*. I had good friends, a good family, and a great life. I gobbled down my breakfast and practically *skipped* out my door. A strong wind was **BLOWING**, but I wasn't going to let that get me down. I *smiled*, thinking about how I used to love flying kites when I was a tiny mouselet. The sun was shining so I decided to walk to work.



What a great day!

While I was walking, I thought about my friend Kornelius. He really didn't need to worry about me. Today, I was feeling more than double okay!

WHAT A



GREAT DAY!

The wind was **BLOWING** hard when I reached my office. I shut the door behind me and **RACED** upstairs.

“Geronimo, don’t **forget** that today there is an important meeting with the president of the New Mouse City Historical Society and your grandfather,” **Priscilla Prettywhiskers** reminded me.

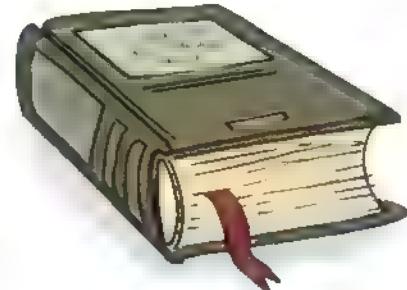
Do you know Priscilla? She’s one of the





editors at *The Rodent's Gazette*.

Now I looked at her and **frowned**.



"MEETING?" I mumbled. "What **MEETING?**" **Priscilla** reminded me that the head of the historical society was coming to check out *The Rodent's Gazette*. It seems they were doing research on the **oldest** buildings in the city. The *Gazette* was on the list.

Rats!

HOW COULD I FORGET SUCH AN IMPORTANT MEETING?

I threw open the door to my office. I had to get my notes ready for the meeting. If I wasn't prepared, Grandfather would have my tail!

I was so worried about Grandfather that, at first, I didn't notice anything different. Then it hit me. A **cold** gust of **WIND** sent



my whiskers whirling. **Cheese niblets!** The night before I had accidentally left **MY WINDOW WIDE OPEN!**

I watched in horror as the fierce **WIND** picked up a large envelope with a **red seal**. The gust lifted the envelope off my desk and blew it straight out the window. With a **sigh**, I tried catching it, but I was too late. My snout **smacked** down hard on my desk. Youch! I wondered if I'd ever be able to sniff again.

CONFIDENTIAL

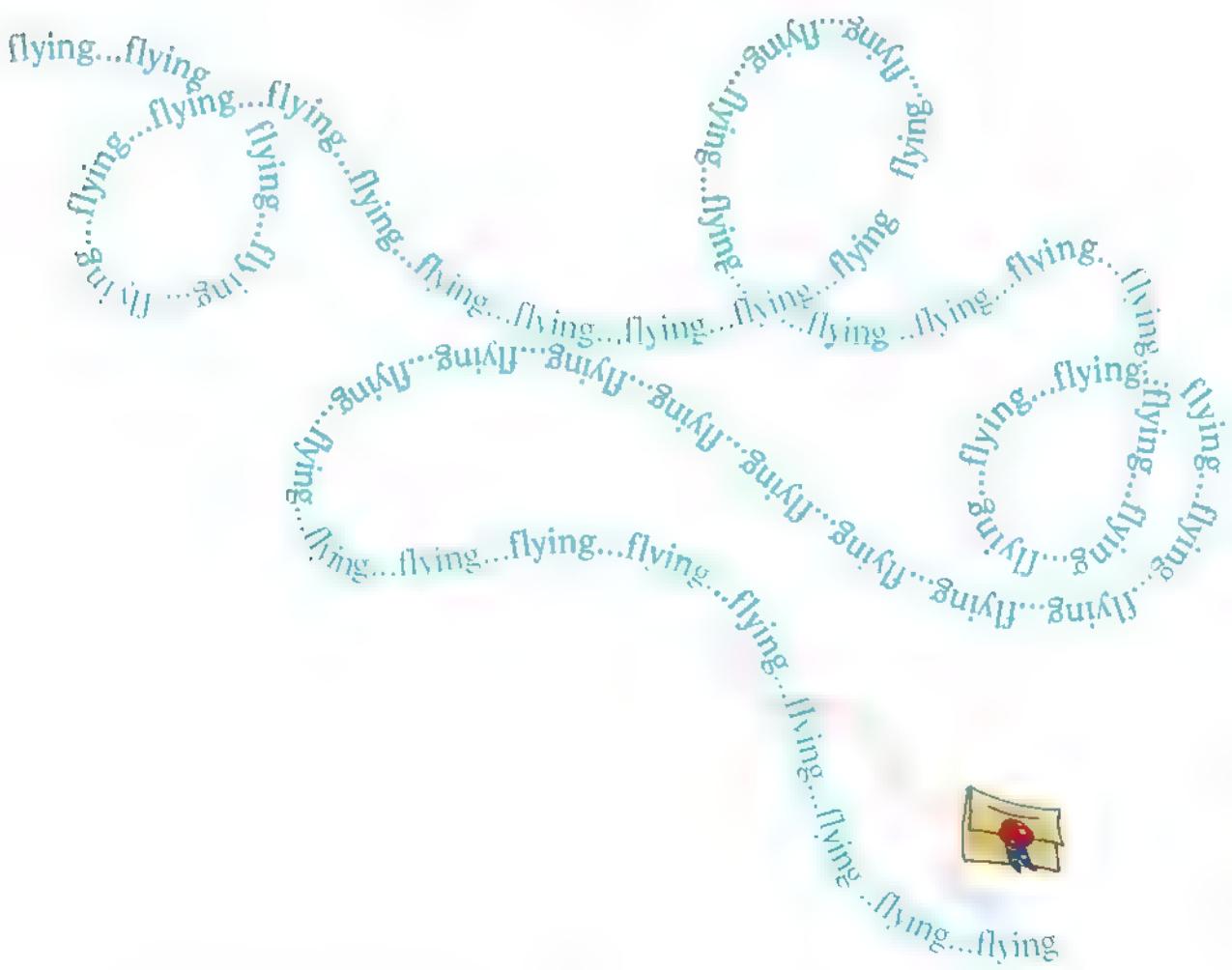


WHAT A



GREAT DAY!

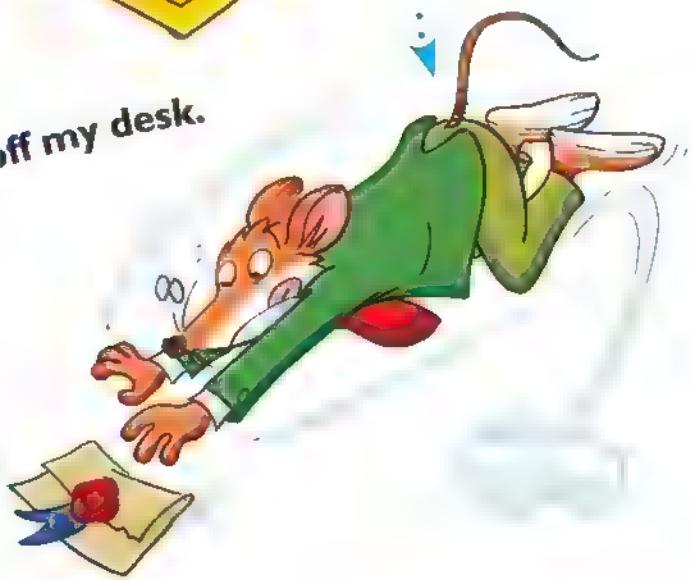
As I **rubbed** my nose, I told myself not to **panic**. After all, as the publisher of a newspaper, I was always getting tons of **nutty mail**. That envelope was probably from some **wacky mouse** wanting me to do a story on alien cats or something.



I forgot to close the window...and there was a draft.



A gust of wind blew the envelope off my desk.





but smacked my nose instead.





I THINK I LOST IT

At that moment, the door to my office burst open.

“GRANDSON! The meeting has already started! What are you doing in here?!” a gruff mouse shrieked.

I gulped. It was my highly **stressed**, highly **irritable**, highly **DEMANDING** grandfather, William Shortpaws.

A **shiver** ran down my fur.

“The meeting has **STARTED**. You’re **LATE, LATE, LATE**, with a capital **L!**” he screamed. “The president of the *New Mouse City Historical Society* and the committee members are waiting for us. Let’s move it. And, Grandson, try not to **EMBARRASS** me. Got it?”





We sat at our usual seats in the conference room.

Richard F. Ramblesnout, the head of the historical society, cleared his throat.

“Ahem, welcome, gentlemice. Let’s get started. I’ll be **BRIEF . . .**” he began.

I *chewed* my whiskers. Whenever anyone starts with, “I’ll be brief,” they usually end up squeaking on and on forever. In fact, that’s exactly what happened.

After a little while, I began to doze off.

I was awakened by a piercing **SHOUT**.

“**GRANDSON!**” yelled my grandfather. “Are you *sleeping*?”

My fur turned **red** with **embarrassment**.

“Did you hear what Mr. Ramblesnout said?” he shrieked. “There is an **INCREDIBLY RARE** and valuable document on your desk.



Sgrunt!

Huh?

Snore...

Bla bla bla...



It's in a large envelope with a **red seal** on it. Go get it. Now!"

I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think. How could this be happening? That envelope with the **red seal** on it was no junk mail. It was valuable. **THE DOCUMENT!**

"Um, well, unfortunately, I, um, think I lost it," I whispered softly.

Grandfather threw a fit.

"**What?!** Get that wax out of your ears and listen up. I want that document here, on this table, by nine o'clock tomorrow morning! **GOT IT?**" he shouted.





Everybody turned to **LOOK AT
ME.**

I FELT FAINT.

I saw in their eyes: **disbelief**, **shock**, **ASTONISHMENT**, **bewilderment**, **bafflement**, **annoyance**, **INDIGNATION**, **ANGER**, **sympathy**, and **PITY**.

What could I do? What could I say? I had to find that envelope. I just had to!

“I’ll do my best,” I coughed.

Then I slunk out of the room with **MY TAIL BETWEEN MY LEGS**.





A VOLCANO READY TO EXPLODE

I got back to my office and collapsed behind my desk. Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess? I stared out the window. I could hear the wind roaring. It looked like a storm was brewing.

A few minutes later, **Grandfather William** scampered into my office.

He didn't slam the door. **Odd**.

He didn't yell. Even more **Odd**.

I braced myself. Talk about a storm **BREWING**. I knew Grandfather William too well. When he was angry, he was like a **VOLCANO** ready to **explode**. Like a water balloon ready to **pop**. Like a pan of cheese popcorn ready to **burst**. Hmm . . . cheese



popcorn . . . My stomach began to growl. I was hungry for my midmorning cheddar muffin. But it would have to wait.

“Geronimo, do you have any **idea** what’s inside that envelope?” he began.

I started to answer, but he interrupted me.

“It’s the **DEED** to this land!” he **thundered**. “It’s the only proof we have that we own the property. If some **rotten mouse** gets his or her paws on that envelope, we’ll lose *The Rodent’s Gazette!*”

I closed my eyes. Oh, how did I get myself into such a mess?

I'm not sure I want to know!





How HARD COULD IT BE?

After Grandfather **STORMED** out of my office, I had a terrible **NIGHTMARE**. Well, it wasn't exactly a nightmare since it was only 11:30 in the morning, but you get the idea. A **HORRIFYING** picture of **Sally Ratmousen** flashed before my eyes. She was waving an envelope with a **red seal** screaming,



"The Rodent's Gazette is MINE, MINE, MINE!!!"



I FELT AWFUL. Like I had just lost everything: the newspaper, my job, my appetite. Well, maybe not that last one. After all, it was nearly lunchtime.

Just then, I noticed a **PHOTO** of me on my desk. It was a shot of me **CLIMBING** Mouse Everest.

Suddenly, I felt a surge of **energy**. If I could climb a mountain as high as **Mouse Everest**, how hard could it be to find a silly old envelope?

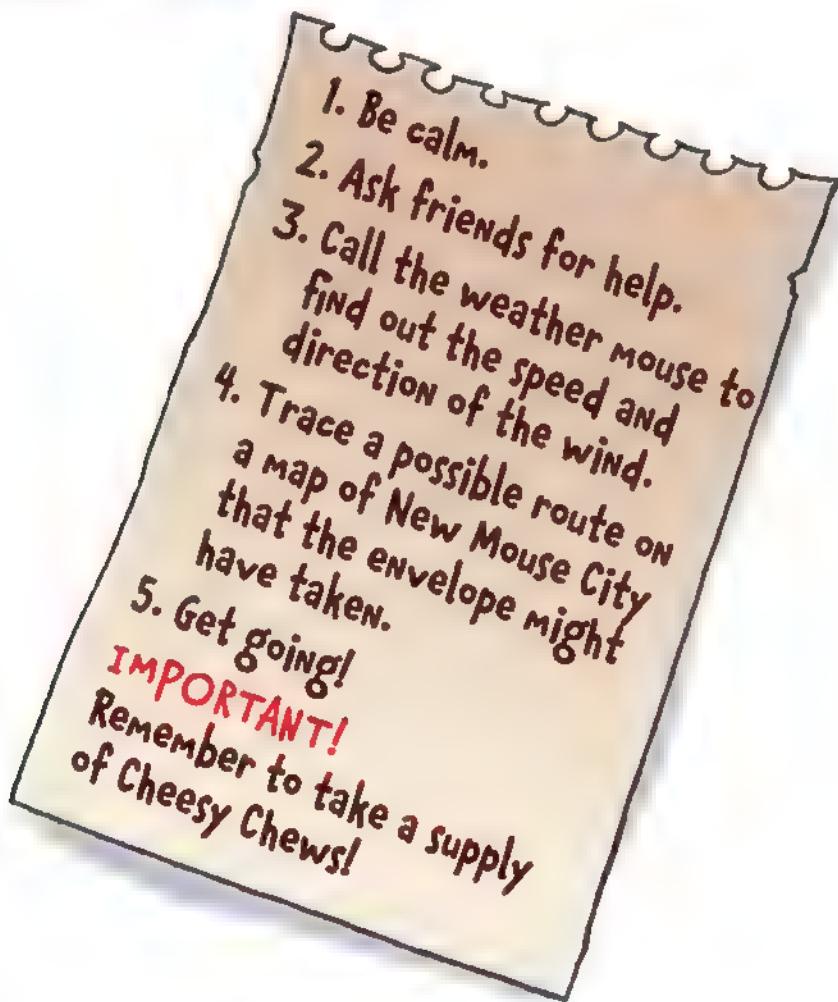
By now, it was **noon**. I needed to find the envelope by **nine** A.M. the next morning. That meant I still had twenty-one hours.

I grabbed a *pen and paper* and sat down to make a list. I **love** making lists. They help me to stay





ORGANIZED. I wrote down all of the things I needed to do:



I began to do the things written on my list:

1. Be calm.

Then I called my sister, Thea. The answering machine picked up.



“I’m not at home. Leave a message. *Beep!*”

I called my cousin Trap. His answering machine picked up, too.

“I’m not home. Or if I am, I’m busy eating. I mean, cooking. I mean **eating and cooking**. Leave a message. *Beep!*”

I thought about calling my friend Petunia Pretty Paws. She’s so smart and beautiful. But I was too **embarrassed**. I didn’t want Petunia to think I was a complete **furbrain** for losing such an important document. Instead, I tried my friend Burt Burlyrat. We had met at a survival camp in the **jungle**.

I got his answering machine. “I’m not in, but you might be able to find me in the ~~forest~~. That is, *if you don’t mind a few hungry pythons and some killer quicksand*. *Beep!*”



WHY, OH, WHY, WAS NO ONE HOME WHEN YOU NEEDED THEM?

For a nanosecond, I thought of **OOK**.

But just like with Petunia, I was too **embarrassed**. Besides, I had already told Kornelius I didn't need his help.

"ALL RIGHT, DON'T PANIC," I said out loud, trying to give myself a pep talk. "This means you will have no help. You will be all **ALONE**. And you will have to do everything by yourself."

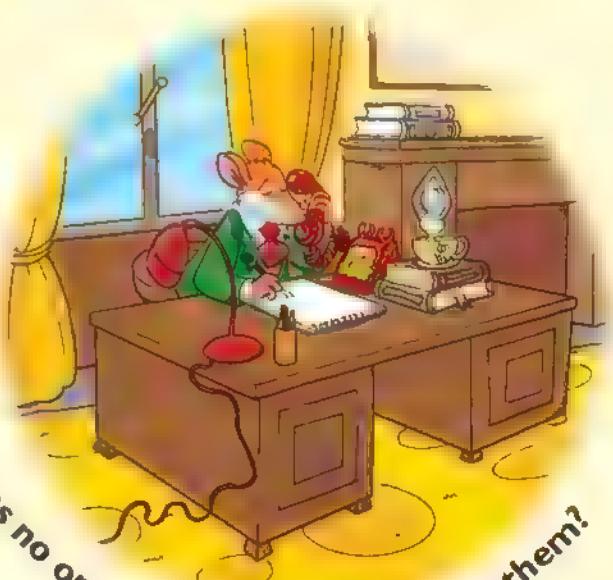
I put my head in my paws. Then I began sobbing uncontrollably.

Guess my pep talk needed work. Lots of work.

I began to do the things written on my list. 1. Be calm.

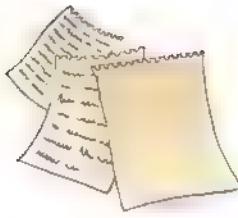


Why, oh, why, was no one home when you needed them?



You will be all alone. And you will have to do everything by yourself.





I'M YOUR BIGGEST FAN!

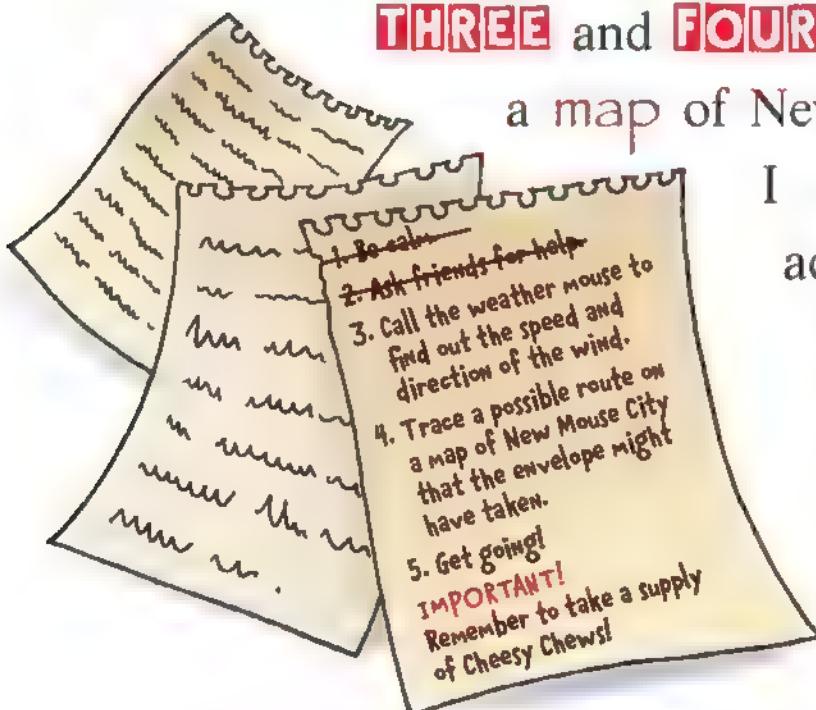
After I stopped *crying*, I wrung out my *whiskers*. Then I looked at my list again.

I skipped over number **ONE** (Be *calm*), skipped number **TWO** (Ask *friends* for help), and went straight to numbers **THREE** and **FOUR**. First I found

a map of New Mouse City.

I spread it out across my desk.

Next I dialed the number for the local *weather center*.





“Ahem, good morning. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I need some information on the speed and direction of the wind in New Mouse City from around nine o’clock to twelve o’clock . . .” I began.

I was greeted by an *excited* squeak.

“*Oh, Mr. Stilton! What an honor!*”

I am your biggest fan! I’ve read all of your books!” a female rodent gushed. “Why do you need to know about the **WIND**? Are you writing a book about it? Are you coming down to the weather center? Oh, I’m so excited. I would love to meet you. Maybe we can chat. Or do lunch. Or how about a movie?”

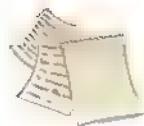
I **blushed**. Sometimes I’m a little shy around my female fans.



“Um, well, I don’t have time to come there today,” I explained. “I really just need to know the direction of the wind.”

“Of course, of course,” the mouse agreed. Then she told me the **awful news**. It seemed the wind had done something **really strange** this morning. It had changed direction every fifteen minutes! She **FIRED OFF** a list of speeds and times.

By the time I got off the phone, my left ear was on **fire**, my paw was **cramped**,



and I had made a date to go see *The Return of Catzilla*.

Oh, why could I never say **no** to my female fans?



Here's the route the
envelope took

The Rodent's Gazette







HOW EMBARRASSING!

Just then, I glanced at the clock. Cheese nibbles! It was already two-thirty. There was no time to waste.

I **SKIPPED** straight to number **FIVE** on my list: Get going!



With a squeak, I **SCURRIED** outside as fast as my paws would carry me.

I decided to **CHECK OUT** New Mouse City's port. It's a very busy place. It's where all of the big boats enter the city dock. Plus, there are tons of vendors selling fresh fish, fruits, and vegetables.

By the time I reached the port, my paws were **THROBBING**. Did I mention I'm



not a very athletic mouse? Still, there was no time to rest. I had to find that envelope! I scoured every **fishing boat**. I patted down every fishing net. I even peered in the **open mouths of one hundred slimy tuna fish**.

What a stench! I could barely breathe. But I had to keep going.

Then I spotted a row of **garbage cans**. Each one was filled with rotting, **smelly** fish bones.

What could I do? With a groan, I stuck my snout inside the first **GARBAGE CAN**.

I didn't notice a woman staring at me. "Aren't you *Jeromimo Stilton*?" she said, wrinkling her nose.





It was Petunia Pretty Paws's aunt. **HOW EMBARRASSING!**

A few minutes later, a very old mouse with a cane strolled by.

"Aren't you *Geronimo Stilton*?" he said, shaking his head.

It was my grandfather's old friend Sniffy. **HOW EMBARRASSING!**

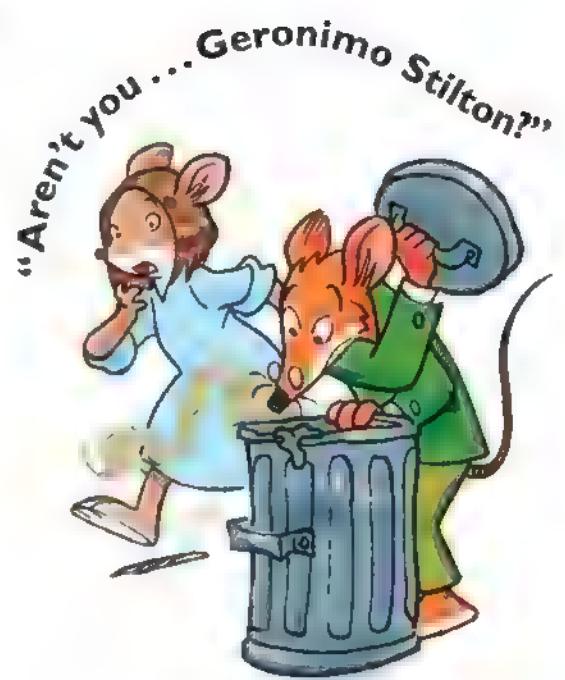
I stuck my snout deeper into the next garbage can, trying to hide. But a pretty young rodent spotted me.

"Aren't you *Geronimo Stilton*?" she said, looking shocked.

It was Benjamin's schoolteacher. **HOW EMBARRASSING!**

I had made a fool of myself. And I hadn't even found the envelope! Two minutes later, a seagull swooped down and pooped right on my head. What next?

I checked inside garbage cans filled
with stinky fish bones.

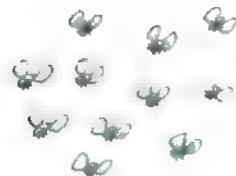


“Aren’t you ... Geronimo Stilton?”



“Aren’t you ... Geronimo Stilton?”





ON TOP OF A STINKY MOUNTAIN

I sat on the sidewalk totally DEPRESSED. Just then, I heard a loud CRUMBLING. My fur stood on end. Was it a killer whale? Was it a ferocious sea monster? Was this how it would all end? Headlines flashed through my brain: CRAZED WHALE GRABS STILTON BY THE TAIL! STILTON SUCKED UP BY SEA CREATURE!

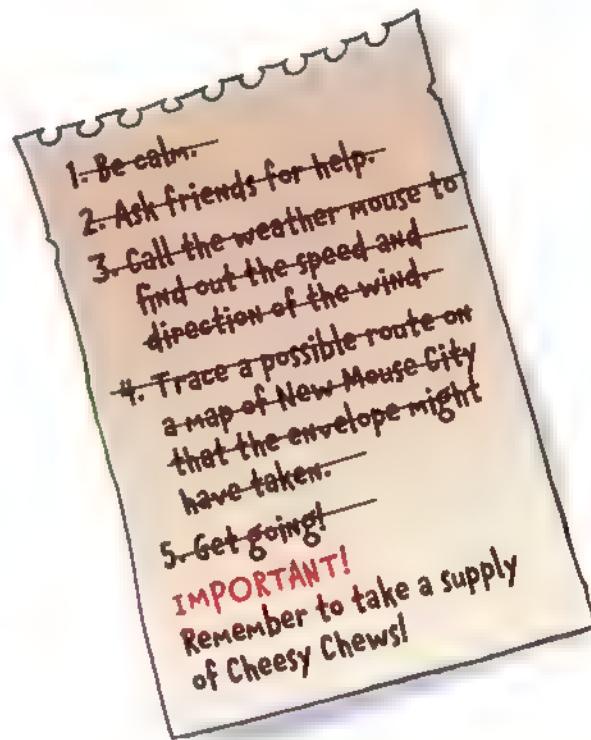


Then I realized the **grumbling** was coming from my tummy. I **was starved!**

Too bad, I had forgotten the most important thing on my list: a supply of **Cheesy Chews**.

I stared at the **smelly** garbage cans feeling even more depressed. And that's when it hit me. No, not more seagull poop. This time, it was an idea.

Where could I find all the garbage in New Mouse City? At the town dump, of course! If the envelope had fallen on the ground, it would surely have been **swept** up. Then it would go straight to the **dump**!



Before throwing anything away, do you ever ask yourself if somebody else could use it, or if it could be **recycled**, that is, used again?

Certain types of garbage, such as **paper**, **plastic**, **glass**, and **aluminum** are recyclable and can be used to produce new things. By recycling, we save natural resources and the energy that is needed to make new products.

Separating the recyclables

If we learn to divide garbage according to its composition and place it in assigned containers, the paper, plastic, glass, and aluminum can be recycled.

In New Mouse City:



Where does garbage end up?

Recycling Plants

There are recycling centers that collect various types of garbage, such as paper, glass, plastic, and aluminum, rework it, and then reuse it.

Garbage Dumps

All garbage that is not recyclable ends up in garbage dumps.

Incinerators

There are plants where garbage is burned to eliminate it. As the refuse is burned, a tremendous amount of heat is released, which can then be transformed into energy.



What can YOU do?

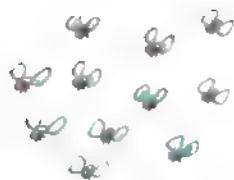
- Squash plastic bottles and place them in the appropriate containers.
- Pick up all papers, newspapers, magazines, and cardboard, tie them in bundles and recycle them.
- Use your imagination to reuse things you thought you no longer needed. 
- For example, you can change an empty ice cream plastic container into a delightful boat. Try to figure out how! 
- Before buying a new thing, stop and think: Do I really need it?



Right at that moment, a **G A P B A G E** truck rumbled by. ***I TOOK OFF LIKE LIGHTNING. LIKE A ROCKET. LIKE THE WORLD'S FASTEST MARATHON MOUSE.*** Well, okay, maybe I wasn't that fast. In fact, I was pretty slow. But don't tell anyone.

Before long, I reached the garbage dump. **WHAT A SIGHT!** The garbage was piled up a mile high. And it **smelLed** worse than my cousin Rancid Rat's stinky breath. I climbed on top of a huge pile and rested.





GARBAGE, MORE GARBAGE, AND . . . EVEN MORE GARBAGE!

Just then, a truck arrived. And before I could squeak, it happened. A whole mound of new **GARBAGE** came pouring out of the truck. It all **crashed** down right on top of me! I began rolling down the hill like an out of control furball. Oh, what a mess I was in this time. **AND I MEAN MESS!** I tried to grab hold of something, but all I got was a rotten banana peel. “**Help!**” I screeched.

“I'M BEING BURIED ALIVE IN JUNK!,”



I moved my arms through the garbage as if I were swimming to keep myself from being buried alive.

Suddenly, I felt two strong paws **PULLING** me out of the garbage heap.

“I’m here to help,” a deep voice said. At the same time, I smelled a **delicate** perfume.

Hmm . . . it seemed so familiar.

“Thanks,” I mumbled before I **PASSED OUT**.

When I came to, I was still at the town dump, but I wasn’t rolling anymore. I looked around. I was **alone**.

Who had saved me?

And why did he disappear?

It was a real **MYSTERY**.

I was still thinking about my **MYSTERIOUS** rescuer when I noticed the wind had picked up. **THOUSANDS** of pieces of paper began



swirling all around me.

At that moment, I spotted an envelope drifting right above my head.

Could it be? It was! It was the envelope with the **red seal** — the one I'd been searching for!

But just as I **reached** to grab it, **it disappeared**!



Down a Mouse Hole Dok Cover!

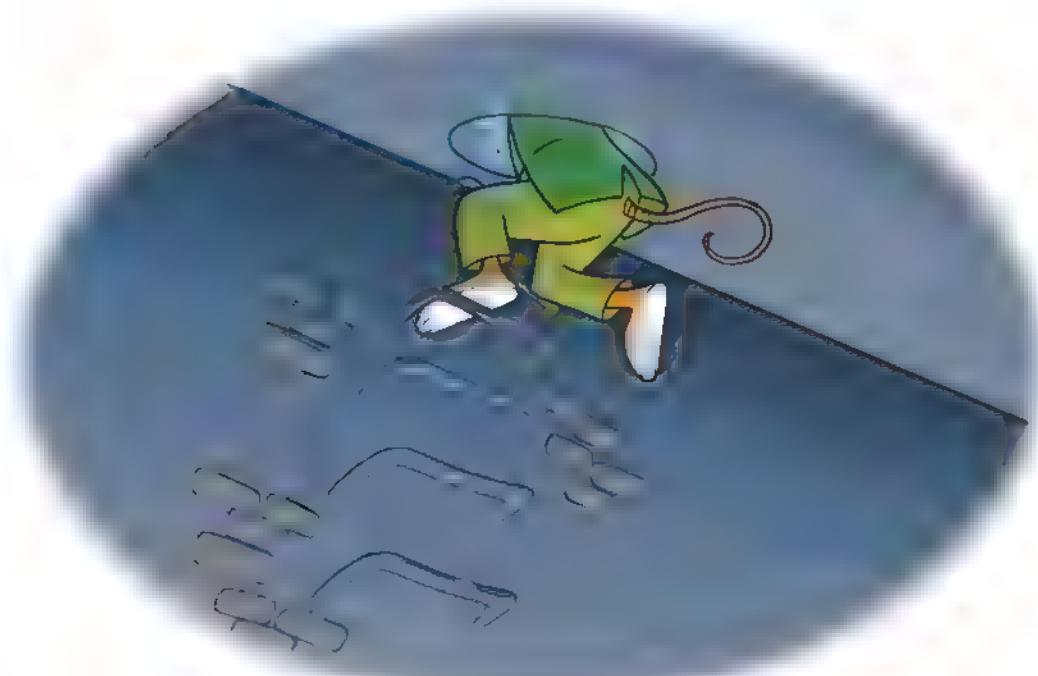




DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, INTO A SEA OF FOUL SLIME!

What could I do? I **had** to get that envelope.

With a **GROAN**, I lifted up the grate and lowered myself into the mouse hole. It was **DARK**. So very dark. My teeth began to **CHATTER**. Did I mention I'm **afraid** of the







dark and tight spaces and the **ding** of the toaster oven? Oh, but that's another story for another time. I was wishing I had worn the glow-in-the-dark tie my cousin Trap had given me so I could see a little better. Just then, I slipped.

Down, down, down I tumbled snoutfirst into the darkness.

After what seemed like a million years, I landed with a sickening splash. I found myself floating in a sea of **slimy green liquid**. The smell was worse than the town dump. **Welcome to the sewers of New Mouse City.**

I dragged myself out of the water and looked around. No sign of the envelope with the **red seal**.

But I did see something. Something shiny and **yellow**. I blinked. A pair of

DOWN, INTO A SEA



OF FOUL SLIME!

GLITTERING eyes stared at me through the darkness.

My whiskers began to tremble. Who in their right mind would live down here in the sewer?

Just then, the creature **cackled** softly. Ha, ha, ha. Was it **laughing** at me? Was it going to **POUNCE** on me? Was this how it would all end?

I braced myself for an **ATTACK**, but nothing happened. Instead, the **YELLOW** eyes





took off into the darkness. At first, I was glad to see them go. Then I was even more **scared**. Without those eyes, the sewer was darker than theater four at the Cheddarville Tenplex. There was only one thing left to do. Follow those eyes.

I **CHASED** them the entire night. I was exhausted. Finally, they stopped, turned around, and started chasing me!

RANCID RAT HAIRS! Now what was I supposed to do?

“Ha, ha, ha,” the creature cackled.

This was it. I was a **GONER**. Oh why hadn’t I let my friend **KORNELIUS** help me? He was right. I was no good at protecting myself. I was always getting myself into these jams. I mean, the last time I tried to bake cookies I got my tail stuck in the oven. My **BURNING** fur set off the smoke alarm.

DOWN, INTO A SEA



OF FOUL SLIME!

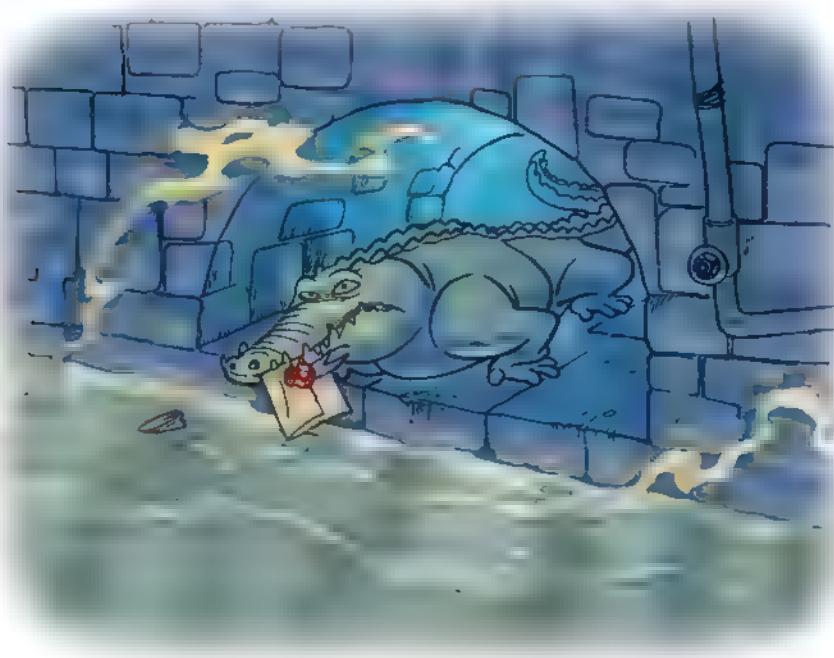
I was so embarrassed when the firemice showed up on my doorstep.

“**HELP! HELP!** Somebody help me!” I **squeaked** at the top of my lungs.

Meanwhile the yellow eyes zoomed closer.

Suddenly, I realized who they belonged to: an enormous ~~CROCODILE~~! And even worse, it was holding the envelope with the **red seal** in its ferocious jaws! Cheese





nibbles! I closed my eyes and wished for a miracle. I could hear the ~~crocodile~~ gnashing its teeth. Its breath smelled like **rotten** goat cheese. Hadn't this guy heard about the dangers of tooth decay?

I was still thinking about teeth when someone **GRABBED** me by the shoulder.

“I’m here **to help**,” a familiar voice said. Again, I smelled a **delicate** perfume.

I opened my eyes, but it was too dark. I



could only see the eyes of the crocodile. They were staring right at me. The croc looked hungry. Very hungry.

“Good-bye, Mouse World,” I sobbed. Then **I FAINTED.**

When I came to, I was back on the street. It was already dawn.

I looked all around me but didn’t see **anyone.**

Who had saved me?

Why did he **disappear?**

It was a real **MYSTERY.**

Who had saved me and why?





UP, UP, UP . . . INTO SALLY RATMOUSEN'S OFFICE

I sat on the curb feeling totally confused.

What had just happened to me?

How did I get out of the sewer?

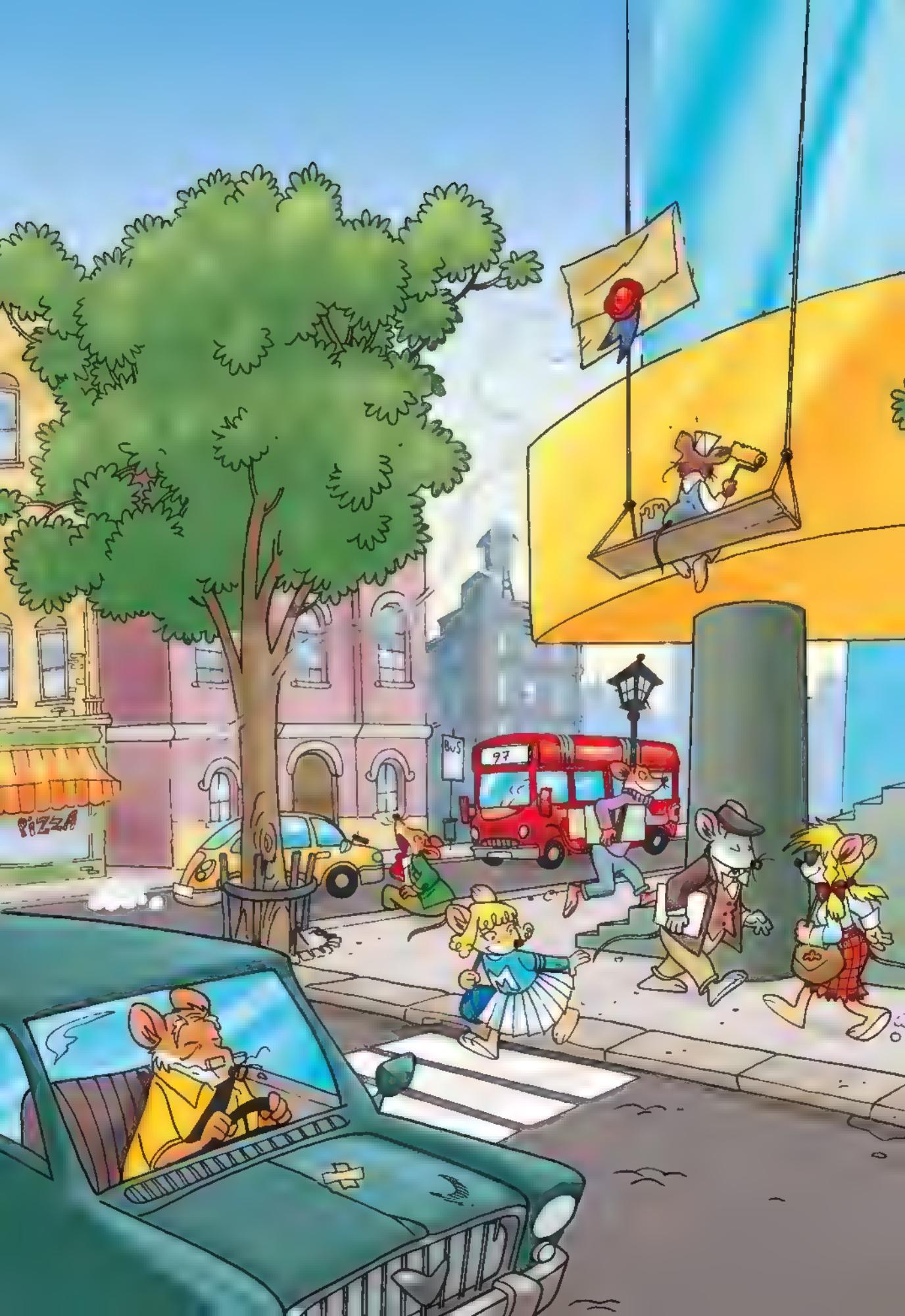
Who was my mysterious rescuer?

But above all, what happened to the envelope with the **red seal** that was between the ~~crocodile's~~ teeth?

Do you know what happened next? A miracle. A real miracle. I looked up and there it was — the envelope! The wind had picked it up and carried it high above my head.

IT FLEW HIGHER AND HIGHER.

An instant later, it slipped into an open window.





DOUBLE-twISTED RATTAILS! That window belonged to my biggest enemy, **Sally Ratmousen**. Do you know Sally? She is the owner of *The Daily Rat*. Her dream is to put *The Rodent's Gazette* out of business.

Now what was I supposed to do? Sally would never let me into her office. Firstly, I was covered in **stinky, smelly slime from the sewer**. And secondly, Sally hated me!

I glanced at my watch. It was eight-thirty.



Yikes! Only thirty minutes left!

That's it, I decided. I had no choice.

I'm going in. I slunk up the steps of *The Daily Rat* and squeezed through the doors. **I DID IT!** I was in! I was so proud of myself I barely noticed where I was going. Before I knew it, I was standing right outside Sally's office.

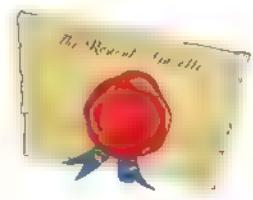
I peeked inside. Sally was seated behind her huge CRYSTAL desk. The desk was empty except for one thing. I gulped. It was the envelope. The envelope with the **red seal**.

I was just about to dash in and grab it when Sally spotted me. Or should I say smelled me.

“Geronimo Stilton!” she screeched.



“**What** are you doing here in my office? You smell worse than the inside of the Cheddartown stables.” Just then, she realized I was staring at the envelope.



“Hmm, I see I have something you want,” she cackled. She picked up the envelope and **fanned** her snout. “I don’t know what it is, but it’s mine, mine, mine!”

I groaned. I should have known Sally would never give up without a fight. I tried every trick in the book.

“**FISSIE! ALIENS!** Run for your life!” I squeaked. But Sally didn’t budge.

Then I had an idea. “Sally, I hate to alarm you,” I whispered. “But you broke a pawnail.”

That did it. Sally flew into a frenzy. “Where, where?” she **shrieked**.

IT'S MINE, MINE, MINE!



Sally, you broke a pawnail.



WHERE, WHERE?



In a flash, I grabbed the envelope. I raced for the door.

But I wasn't fast enough. **Sally grabbed me by the tail.** The envelope flew out of my paws. I watched in horror as it drifted out the window.

I felt my heart sink. This was it. I'd never find that envelope again. I was a **dead rat**. And maybe sooner than I thought. Sally's muscular bodyguard was staring at me like I was a piping-hot three-cheese pizza!

"Musclerat, please take Mr. Stilton away. And make sure you teach him a lesson he'll never forget," she ordered with an evil smirk.

Musclerat lifted me into the air with one paw. **HOLEY CHEESE**, that rodent was strong! I mean, I'm not the heaviest mouse in the world, but I'm no lightweight. Plus, I have to

admit lately I'd been cheating on my **diet**.

Musclerat **CARRIED** me down the hall. Then he locked me inside the broom closet.

"I heard you liked dark places," he snickered.

I FELT DIZZY. My paws started to sweat. My heart started to pound. I began to sob **uncontrollably**. "Somebody help me," I wailed.

Suddenly, I heard a *click* and the door opened. I felt **SOMEONE** grab my shoulder.

A deep voice said, "*I'm here to help.*"

The same **delicate** perfume I had smelled before filled my nose.

I tried to say thanks, but I couldn't.

I had fainted.





THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS RESCUER

When I came to, I found myself outside. I was sitting on the sidewalk in front of *The Daily Rat*. It was 8:45. I looked all around me, but I didn't see **anyone**.

Who had saved me?

Who had saved me and why?



I felt like I was on one of those true-life **MYSTERY** shows on TV: *The Case of the Mysterious Rescuer*. Too bad, everything wasn't going to work out perfectly in the end. I still hadn't found the lost envelope with



the **red seal**. I stared at the ground feeling glum.

My grandfather would never let me live this one down. I'd be *humiliated* in front of all of my coworkers. I'd have to leave the *Gazette*. I'd have no money, **NO JOB**. I'd wander the streets looking for food. Well, at





least I knew how to get to the **town dump**. Maybe I could find some scraps of **moldy cheese**.

A tear slid down my fur. Then another and another. Soon, I was **bawling** my eyes out. Just then I felt someone touch my shoulder. At the same time, I smelled that **perfume** again.

“I’m here to help,” a deep voice said. And then it hit me. No, not more **garbage**. Not more **seagull poop**. It hit me who the voice belonged to. I jumped off the curb and whirled around. I was right!

The voice belonged to my old friend, **KORNELIUS**. Yep, I was snout to snout with **OOK** and the fascinating **OOV**!

“How can we help you?” they asked.

I let out a long sigh.

“I lost an envelope, a very important





envelope," I moaned. "And now my grandfather's going to kill me!"

For some reason, **KORNELIUS**, aka **00K** and his sister, *Veronica*, aka **00V**, looked at each other and **smiled**.



"A large envelope?" said 00K. "With a **red seal**?" said 00V.

My jaw hit the ground. These **SECRET AGENTS** were unbelievable!

I had no idea they were **mind readers**.

I nodded, awestruck. Then Kornelius handed me something. My eyes nearly popped out of my fur.

IT WAS THE
ENVELOPE!





“But . . . how . . . when . . . what?” I spluttered.

KORNELIUS just **grinned**. “We secret agents work in mysterious ways,” he said.

His sister, **OOV**, nodded.

I wondered if they could read my mind now. I was so happy. I felt like I had just won a lifetime supply of Cheesy Chews!





8:55

COUNTDOWN, FIVE, FOUR, THREE . . .

Suddenly, I remembered the time. I glanced at my paw watch. **Holey cheddar chunks!** It was **EIGHT FIFTY-FIVE A.M.!**



8:55

I only had five minutes to get the envelope to my grandfather.

I took off as fast as my paws could carry me. I was a mouse on a mission — a mission **to save my tail!** I flew up the steps to *The Gazette*, **RACED** past my office, and headed straight for the conference room. By the time I reached the door, I was sweating

like an overweight rat on a **TREADMILL**. My paws were aching. And my heart was beating so hard, I thought it might pop right out of my *fur*.

I flung open the door to the conference room just as the clock chimed nine. I wasn't surprised to see my grandfather waiting for me. Did I mention he's a stickler for punctuality?

"Here it is, Grandfather," I huffed, waving the envelope in the air. Then I collapsed in a heap.

"Well, well, well, Grandson. I wasn't sure you had it in you," my grandfather smirked. "But it looks like you passed my test with **flying colors**. You see, Geronimo, the envelope you have contains a **COPY** of the original document. I've had the original **HERE** with me this whole time. I just



wanted to see how much *The Rodent's Gazette* meant to you. And now I can see, it means a lot."

I didn't know whether to *laugh* or *cry*. But it didn't matter. I had already *fainted*.



A TRUE FRIEND . . .

They took me home on a stretcher.

I was **exhausted**. I slept all day and all night for twenty-four hours straight.

The next day, **OOK** came to see me at the office.

I told him how silly I felt.

“I should have admitted that I needed your help,” I **confessed**. “But there’s one thing I still don’t understand. What made you follow me even after I told you I could take care of myself?”

KORNELIUS laughed. “We secret agents have a sixth sense, Geronimo.” He **WINKED**. “Plus, you always had a knack for getting yourself into **TROUBLE** when we were little. Remember the time



you accidentally flew off that **swing** at recess?"

How could I forget? I got stuck in a humongous sticker bush. Youch! My fur hurt just thinking about it.

Before **KORNELIUS** left, he gave me a present. It was a **SPECIAL SATELLITE PHONE** to wear around my neck.

Now all I had to do was press a button to contact my **friend**.

I told you my aunt Sweetfur was right.



Whoever finds
finds a treasure!

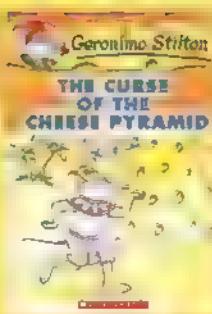
a friend***



**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



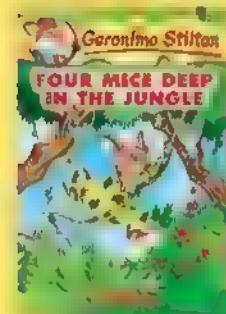
**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



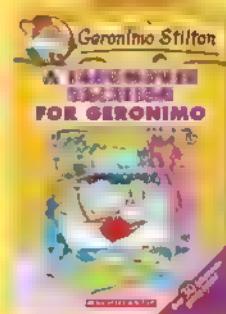
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



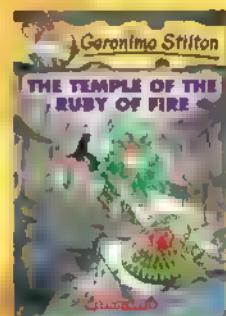
**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!**



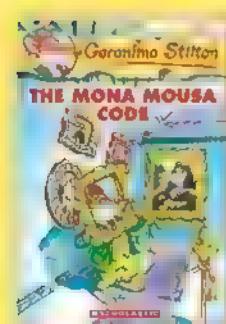
**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



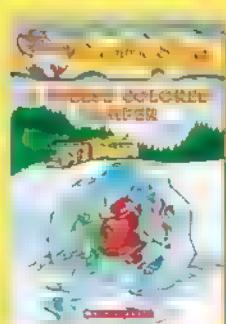
**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



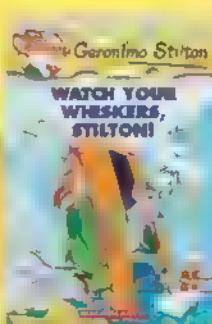
**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



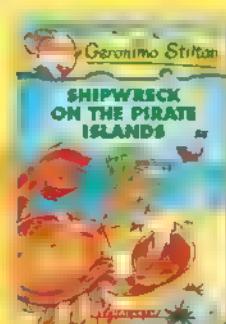
**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



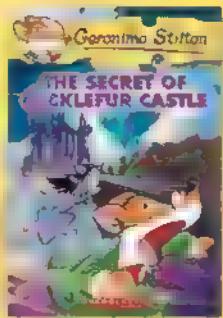
**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



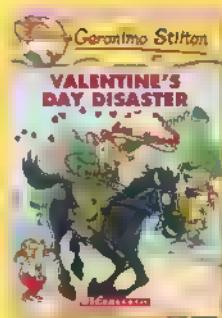
**#21 The Wild,
Wild West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle**



A Christmas Tale



**#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster**



**#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls**



**#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure**



**#26 The Mummy
with No Name**



**#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory**



**#28 Wedding
Crasher**



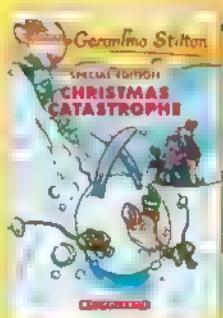
**#29 Down and
Out Down Under**



**#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon**



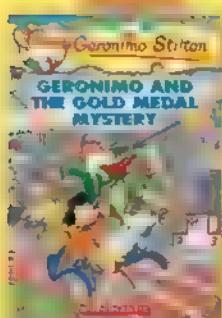
**#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief**



**Christmas
Catastrophe**



**#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons**



**#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery**



**#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent**



**#35 A Very Merry
Christmas**



**#36 Geronimo's
Valentine**



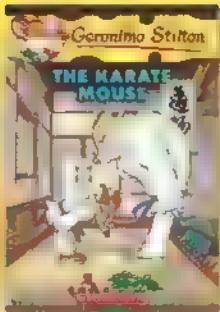
**#37 The Race
Across America**



#38 A Fabumous School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



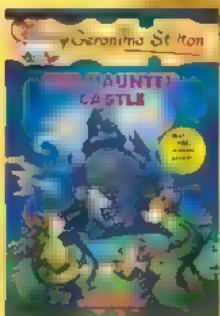
#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



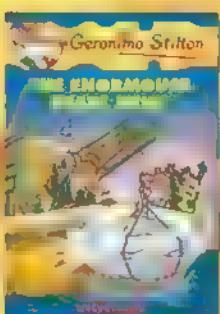
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



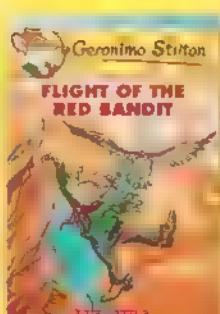
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book**



**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



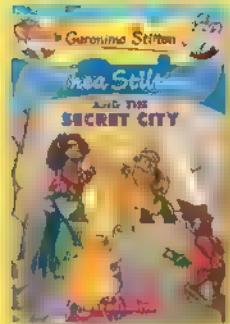
Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



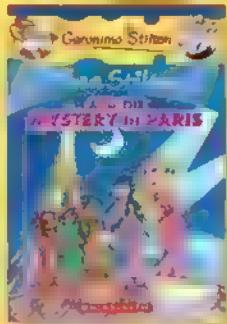
Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



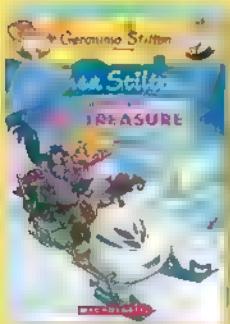
Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



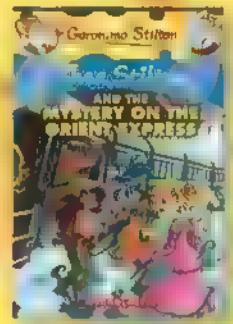
Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



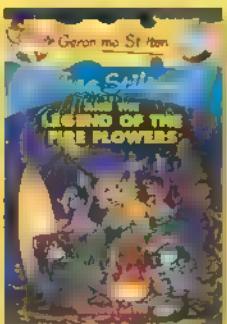
Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



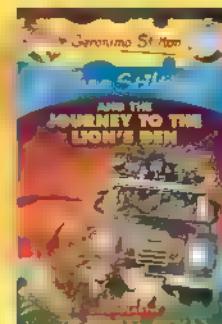
Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



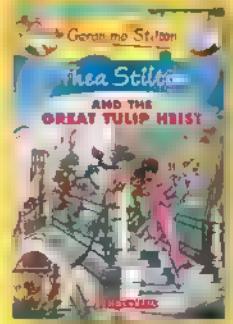
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the
Lion's Den



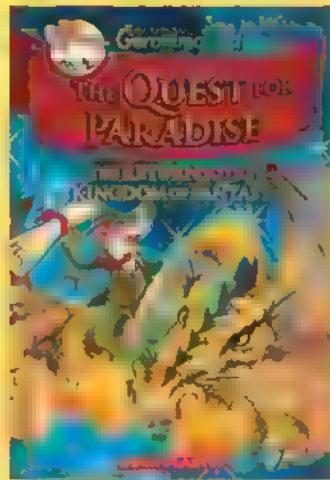
Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy



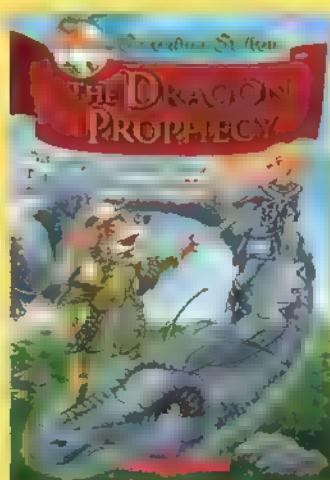
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



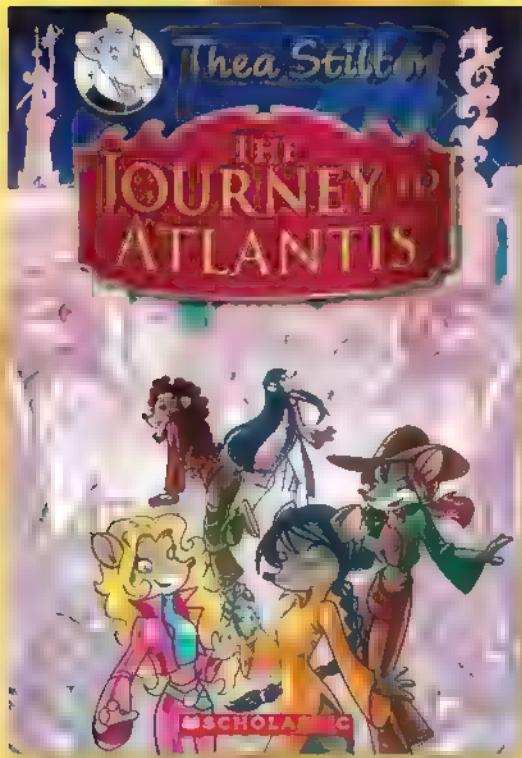
THE DRAGON
PROPHETY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



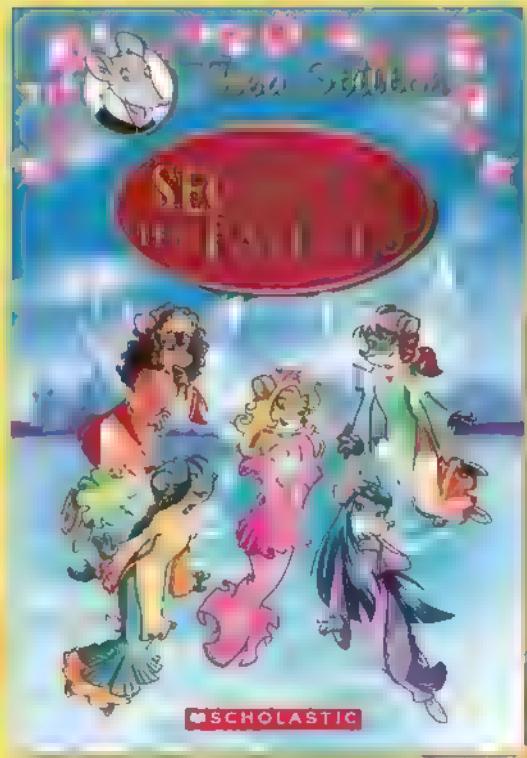
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing. YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWNFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly** funny and **spectacularly** **spooky** tales!



#1 The Thirteen
Ghosts



#2 Meet Me in
Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirates
Treasure



#4 Return of the
Vampire

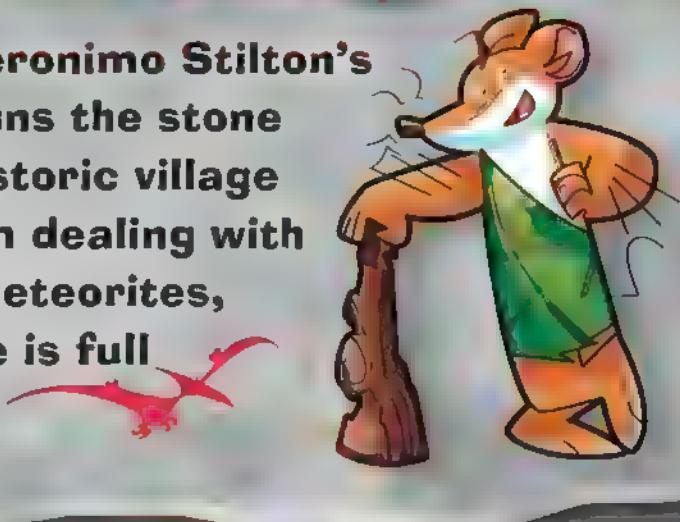


#5 Fright Night

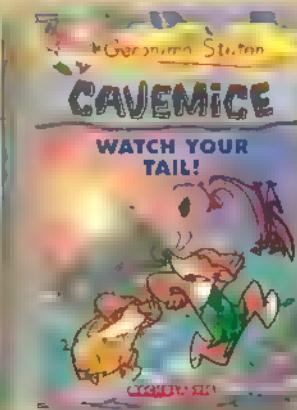


Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a **cavemouse**—Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



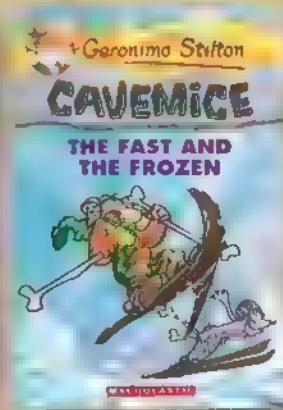
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!

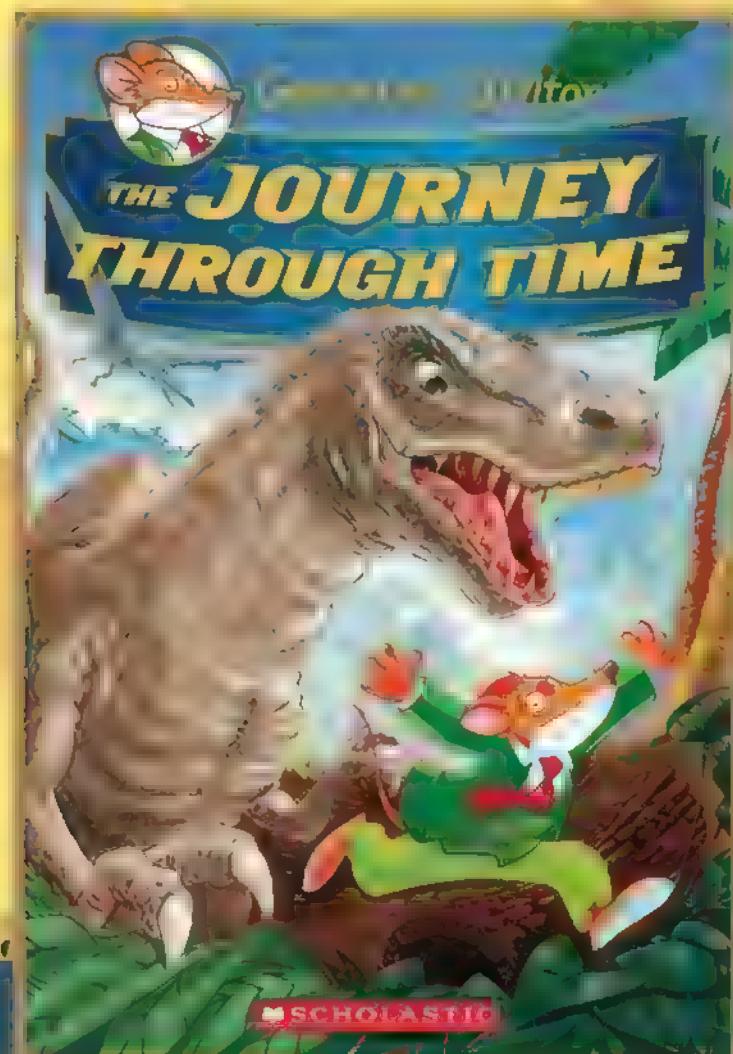


#4 The Fast and the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

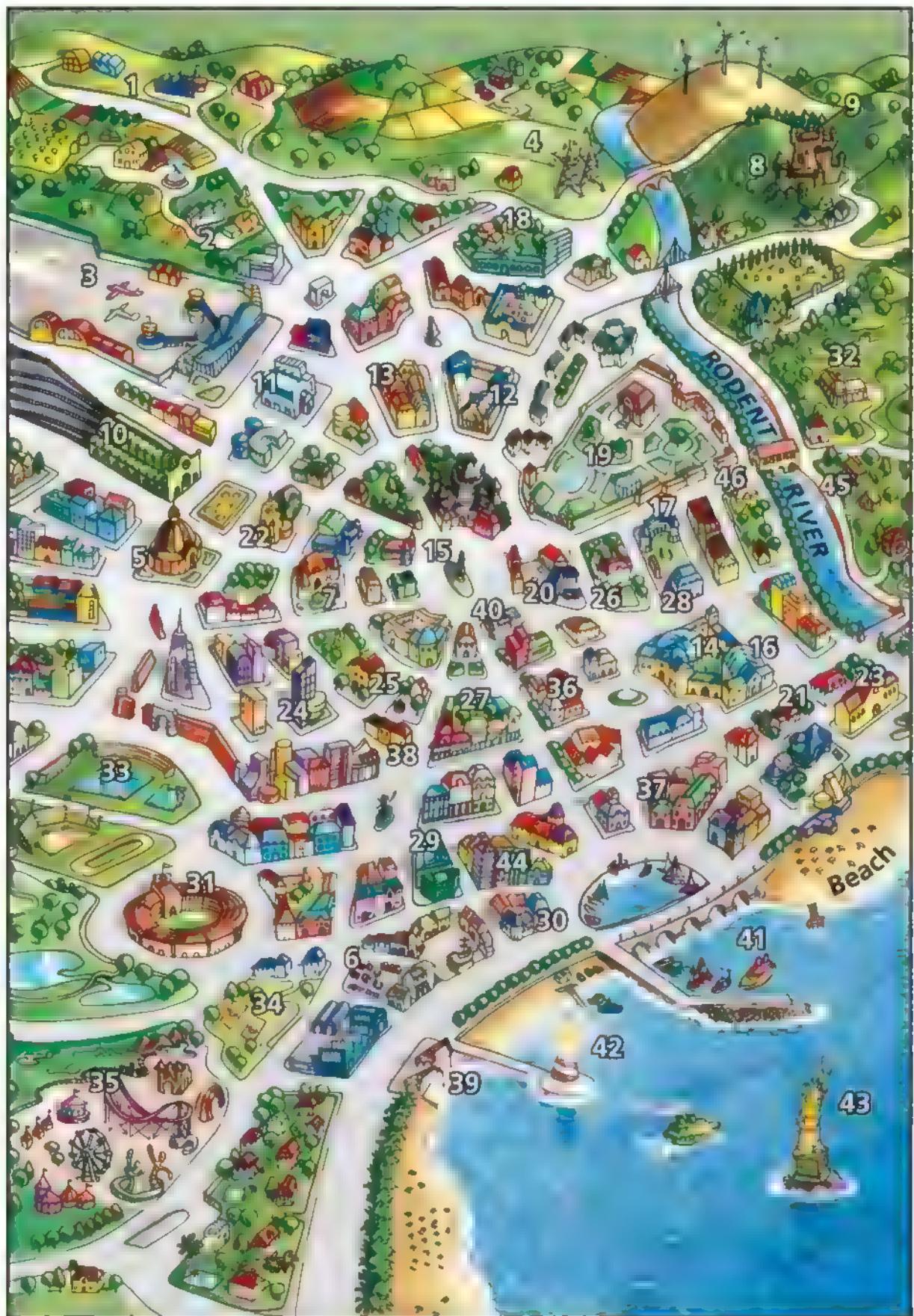
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

**THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE**



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone	24. <i>The Daily Rat</i>
2. Cheese Factories	25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i>
3. Angorat International Airport	26. Trap's House
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station	27. Fashion District
5. Cheese Market	28. The Mouse House Restaurant
6. Fish Market	29. Environmental Protection Center
7. Town Hall	30. Harbor Office
8. Snotnose Castle	31. Mousidon Square Garden
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island	32. Golf Course
10. Mouse Central Station	33. Swimming Pool
11. Trade Center	34. Tennis Courts
12. Movie Theater	35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
13. Gym	36. Geronimo's House
14. Catnegie Hall	37. Historic District
15. Singing Stone Plaza	38. Public Library
16. The Gouda Theater	39. Shipyard
17. Grand Hotel	40. Thea's House
18. Mouse General Hospital	41. New Mouse Harbor
19. Botanical Gardens	42. Luna Lighthouse
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)	43. The Statue of Liberty
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House	44. Hercule Poirat's Office
22. Mouseum of Modern Art	45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
23. University and Library	46. Grandfather William's House

Brigand's Isle



Tomcat Island



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean

Stray
Cat
Harbor



Blue Dolphin
Bay



This way to the Rodent Straits



Pirate Ship
of Cats



Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville



Mouseport

This way
to the
Ratlantic
Ocean



New Mouse City



Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

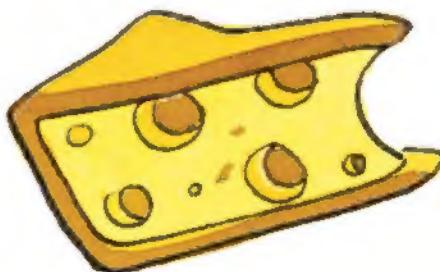
This way to the Sea of Mice



1 MOUSE ISLAND

Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake	21. Lake Lakelake
2. Frozen Fur Peak	22. Lake Lakelakelake
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier	23. Cheddar Crag
4. Coldcreeps Peak	24. Cannycat Castle
5. Ratzikistan	25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia
6. Transratania	26. Cheddar Springs
7. Mount Vamp	27. Sulfurous Swamp
8. Roastedrat Volcano	28. Old Reliable Geyser
9. Brimstone Lake	29. Vole Vale
10. Poopedcat Pass	30. Ravingrat Ravine
11. Stinko Peak	31. Gnat Marshes
12. Dark Forest	32. Munster Highlands
13. Vain Vampires Valley	33. Mousehara Desert
14. Goose Bumps Gorge	34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel
15. The Shadow Line Pass	35. Cabbagehead Hill
16. Penny Pincher Castle	36. Rattytrap Jungle
17. Nature Reserve Park	37. Rio Mosquito
18. Las Ratayas Marinas	
19. Fossil Forest	
20. Lake Lake	



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

GERONIMO STILTON, SECRET AGENT

My sister, Thea, is the mystery-loving rodent, not me! But somehow I found myself going underground to find an important missing document. Slimy Swiss cheese—I hardly knew where to start! Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent Mouse? Maybe I could get used to that....



[www.scholastic.com/
geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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